

Letters

From

The Cosmos

Channeled by

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*The subject is truth,
that elusive,
moment-to-moment
truth,
that flits before you like a firefly,
into the unknown future;
when it illuminates the now,
you try to capture it,
and hold it fast;
but when you do, the light goes out,
leaving you lost in the abyss.*

*The road
Is ever upward;
the evolution of the soul
is infinite.*

You

have the power

to use this means of communicating...

you simply have to learn to listen...

the words will come into your mind...

at first you will think they are your own thoughts,

and, in a way, they are,

for they come through the Christ self

that dwells within...

you must simply let the keys speak out their lovely song...

the song of knowledge...

of life...

of truth...

of beauty...

of infinite wisdom...

that comes through you as a channel

when you let it freely speak.

{words to the channel}

Your innate rhythm is the reason we have chosen you...

not because of your spelling,

or even your brain,

which is very impressive indeed...

but simply because, when you relax,

and sing through your body,

you are a God-given channel

that will not speak falsely...

listen,

listen,

feel,

and respond...

try to release...

think of listening for that which comes from God.

(words to the channel)

Why do you resist so when God is mentioned?...

you are his child...

you cannot understand God,

but neither can your child understand you...

for every thought that you have,

God has an infinite number of concepts

that go far beyond your comprehension...

as you create

in your limited way,

God creates

in an infinitely complex and expanding way...

an incomprehensible way,

to you, at this time,

on this level...

but no more so

than you are incomprehensible

to your preschool child.

{words to the channel}

Love is all around,

but it sits on the sidelines,

like wallflowers afraid to go out

and learn to dance and sing,

and create beauty out of my gifts.

For all,

there is, within,

the basic time

to follow one's own drummer.

You have intellectualized away my Eden...

now you must try to get it back...

each of you has a different sound track,

but they all combine to make a great concerto,

when everyone follows the master conductor.

The sky is beautiful...

it holds the promise of heaven,

but it is not heaven...

become what you are,

by touching your real self

through your feelings...

extend yourself,

examine yourself,

by going inward to the core,

and outward into infinity.

Keep searching for that which connects you to the cosmos,

but the cosmos is not something

that you can intellectualize...

this makes the problem a paradox...

in order to belong to the cosmos,

you must release your mind to the cosmos,

not knowing what it is you are releasing to.

Your brain is but a computer,

it is not you...

your body is but a vehicle,

it is not you...

your soul is but a messenger,

it is not you...

and yet, you are real,

and aware,

and in tune with all that is.

You strive to grasp,

and it slips away...

you strive to relax your hold

on the here and now,

and the bond becomes stronger.

*There is no death,
but there is also no life
as you imagine it...
if that frightens you,
it should not,
for it is the truth,
and the truth is loving,
and totally without judgment.*

*There is truth,
and there is creation,
but creation is not what you think it is...
you are a part of something infinitely growing,
expanding,
repeating,
resulting,
and becoming.*

*Do not try to understand,
try to be...
release your ego,
and you will find your soul...
release your soul,
and you will find yourself.*

*Those who think themselves possessed
are, in fact,
possessed by themselves...
there is no possession...
in truth there is infinite freedom.*

*All things that I do will be possible for you...
within you is the miracle,
without you is the creation...
they are both yours.*

*The tire is round...
it is round because it is for traveling...
so is the cycle that you call life.*

My children,

my dear and infinitely precious,

wonderful children...

I love you,

and long to give you that wisdom which is mine...

but you cannot accept it,

as yet...

you are special,

each one of you,

you are privileged...

and with the privilege

comes great responsibility...

I yearn for your quest...

I patiently wait for your growth.

*You are from me,
and of me,
but you are not me...
I would not have you otherwise...
a bud about to flower...
I know what the flower is,
as far as species goes...
but each is so unique,
so very delightful in that uniqueness.*

*Your mind will not accept what I have said to you...
that you will grow up,
as I have grown...
that I did not spring full-grown as your father...
but rebellious...
oft-times unwise...
careless...
foolish...
and still I grow...
still I learn...
still I evolve.*

*My loneliness is intense,
but, like yours,
it is self-inflicted...
thought-forms,
all of us thought forms,
trapped in the expression of ourselves...
we must express ourselves,
flow,
become...
it is beautiful...
it is frightening...
it is adventure...
it is dreaming...
it is reality.*

*As you draw beauty around you,
you grow strong...
you become serene...
a thought form emerges
upon the scene of life,
as a picture emerges
upon a canvas.*

I am so near,

and yet you must come to me...

I cannot come to you without your invitation...

that is the law...

I wait, in expectation and loneliness,

for that invitation...

I will come

when you expect me with anticipation and joy...

if I remain aloof,

and seemingly omnipotent,

it is because you have not grown up enough...

I would not force you,

or rush you,

for you grow best when in your own garden.

The wind through the trees is part of you...

the grass moving in its dance...

the clouds gathering and changing,

moment by moment...

all a part of you...

all a part of me...

everything manifested in this reality

describing itself...

becoming itself ..

losing itself...

yielding itself...

a part of everything...

but not everything.

Everything is unknowable...

inscrutable...

but pulling at you...

pushing you...

leading you always,

to find that which dwells

at the core of your being...

waiting,

to be discovered...

waiting,

to be incorporated

into the music of the cosmic song...

why are you not singing it more clearly? ...

why do you turn away from its powerful force?...

why can you not feel that you are light,

and air,

and wind,

and sky,

and sea...

a part of everything

that you perceive as matter...

as well as everything

that appears to you

as light and beauty?

You dwell amid the mud and filth of degradation...

but you also soar among the joyous, singing angels...

you are a part of all...

and though you are not all,

you become more

when you accept yourself,

as both good and evil...

as debased and divine...

as matter and light...

light is constant,

matter is changing,

and without one,

the other perishes...

one is not good,

and the other evil...

there is only the truth

that emerges from the conflict and chaos

that coexist within you.

There is no perfection...

there is no ultimate goal...

there is only the growth and becoming

that lift you ever upward,

towards greater compassion,

and love,

and understanding...

towards greater acceptance and knowledge,

and deeper griefs,

and higher ecstasies.

The nature of God

is unknowable to you,

for now...

but the soul lies waiting

to be discovered,

and experienced,

in all its beauty,

and complexity.

*You are children of an expanding universe,
and of an evolving God-Intelligence...
all of you filled with an unrelenting,
unquenchable yearning
to proceed...
to discover...
to experience...
to uncover that which you are...
not good,
not bad,
but profoundly human...
and moving, always,
towards the glory and responsibility
of God's ever-encompassing
compassion and love...
learning what is,
by experiencing what isn't...
learning truth,
by recognizing your deceptions...
becoming divine,
by feeling your bestial desires...
learning to love,
by hating and being hated...
and casting out fear,
by facing your deepest fears.*

Universal mind is all love...

all beauty...

all creation...

but more than the sum of the parts...

it existed in a void,

and will continue to exist.

For you to attempt to understand

the nature of universal intelligence

is to minimize,

and trivialize

the magnificence of creation itself.

*Before there were words,
before there was matter,
before there was light,
universal mind struggled to express
that which was inexpressible...
it exploded
with the urge to create
that which was without form,
or words,
or pattern...
a manifestation of the unknown.*

Your puny attempts to identify with God

are like an individual cell in your body

striving to understand the complexity of you...

they know, instinctively,

that all of them together make up you...

and believe that they glimpse

the nature of you,

because they are dimly aware

of their own nature...

but they neither speak,

nor feel,

nor have individual freedom of will...

their group existence

is totally dependent

upon your existence...

and they have no frame of reference

to even begin to explore the possibilities

of your independent and complex nature...

within the body are groups of cells,

that function in different ways...

as glands, or organs, or bones,

or skin, or hair, or eyes, or brain...

and they do not even understand

their own special purpose...

to them, you are unfathomable

because of their limitations...

so it is with your understanding of God...

though each of you

has a special connection

and importance

to God,

you do not understand it...

and what glimpse you may have,

you project upon the rest of the world

as the true perception

of the imperceptible.

If you are still,

you will hear me...

if you open the door,

I will enter...

if you seek my strength,

I will touch you...

but I am I.

I do not dwell on your plane,

I dwell in the unknown landscape...

I do not judge,

I have no rules for you to follow...

I rejoice in your freedom,

and I wait for you to find me.

*As the rain washes away the dirt
and the pollution
of the world,
so do your tears wash away the grief
and the shame
of your soul's journey.*

*There is no God who rewards or punishes.,
there is only God who loves,
and awaits your growth,
with compassion and joy.*

You have chosen the path

upon which you find yourself,

and you will make the arduous journey

into the light...

each of you,

in your own way,

and at your own pace...

but with the full and total support

of indescribable,

unbounded love.

You are given the opportunity,

the talents,

and the free choice

at all times...

you are not bound in slavery to a dictator...

one who bestows his benevolence,

when you obey the rules,

and rejects you,

when you follow your own path.

*No matter how depraved you may appear,
to the world which judges,
you are all on the same path...
in the process of becoming
that which you are.*

*Every relationship in your life influences,
to some degree,
your future...
in your overwhelming desire
to be loved and accepted,
you alter yourself...
obscuring the true essence that is you...
but hidden from view...
instead of achieving the connections
that you so desperately seek,
you become increasingly isolated...
more and more separated
from those whom you would love,
and have love you in return...
you become increasingly lonely...
confused...
lost...
and disillusioned...*

*in anger and despair, you turn your back
on those whom you believe have failed you,
and look for someone new
to dress your wounds,
and heal your shattered heart...
someone who will love you enough
to make you happy...
to fill the void...
you think that you leave your problems behind you,
on the graves of your dead loves...
but you do not...
you are trapped in the past with these scenarios...
and you will not be free
until you allow yourself to feel
all of the pain
that they cause you...
and all of the anger
that they create within you...
and all of the defensiveness
whose existence you try so hard
to overcome
or deny.*

*It is not easy to give up the beliefs that you have acquired
and the ramparts that you have erected
over the course of a life...
it is never simple,
and to the point...
it is always convoluted,
and twisted...
all to make you believe
that you are in charge,
in control,
and ultimately worthy.*

*Your children seem to offer you unlimited opportunities
to love,
and be loved...
at last, you love without question,
and you are adored in return...
no sacrifice is too great...
you would gladly lay down your life
for this magnificent creation...*

it is here that you may find

your greatest joy...

but you may also suffer

your most agonizing pain...

that child who idolized you,

even deified you,

may begin to find

your gift of love and devotion

inadequate or damaging...

your most cherished beliefs

stultifying or outmoded...

your very presence

embarrassing...

and may place the blame

for all of its problems and fears

at your doorstep...

or, at best,

will tolerate you,

as a necessary burden.

What more crushing defeat

than to fail with a child...

to inspire revolt and hatred

in that which came from your loins...

do you think that you are not understood?...

do you think that your loss

has separated you from me?...

do you not understand, by now,

that I know these feelings,

intimately and thoroughly...

that I have wept the same tears...

and flailed myself,

because of my inability to reach

that which I have created?

Do not avoid the lessons of your dimension...

they are necessary,

if your soul is to understand

the pain of defeat...

the anguish of failure prepares you

for the tremendous risks

that each must take...

for the strength to creep forward

towards the glimmer of light

that lies always just out of reach...

always just ahead,

always elusive,

and tantalizingly on the horizon,

but never in your grasp.

Feel...

feel...

feel...

and know that whatever you are able to accept

is only a fraction of that which there is to experience...

the exaltation of creativity

balanced by the grievous nature of your failures...

the pain and frustration

of your feeble attempts to understand

all that is,

all that may be,

all that you are capable of,

and destined to accomplish,

before you are ready

to leave the wheel of life,

and proceed.

Accept your inadequacy...

wallow in your meanness...

school yourself in everything that is

human and vulnerable...

human and weak...

human and vile...

in order to recognize the essence of divinity

that burns so brightly

at the very core of your being...

place yourself upon the cross,

and feel the spear of worldly contempt

pierce your side...

cry out for me,

and know that you have not understood

my message...

accept your insignificance,

in all of its magnificence...

and you will begin to feel my unfailing love,

and compassion,

and delight in your being.

*To truly love,
One must first recognize,
Then accept,
And ultimately value
The uniqueness of the beloved.*

You are everything...

and nothing...

you are light...

and darkness...

you are divinity...

and beast...

you are the result

of my yearning to manifest

the concept of love...

my concept of love...

in all of its pain...

and beauty...

and creativity...

and joy...

you are,

because it is my dream

that you are.

My dream grows,

and develops, and changes,

as each of you grows,

and develops, and changes...

and even that which appears abhorrent

adds to the concept...

and purifies it,

by its grotesque expression.

You must acknowledge and experience

the commonality of distortion,

before you can begin to understand the unlimited,

indefinable,

exquisite beauty of my dream...

thought forms...

dancing,

twisting...

soaring,

sinking...

shouting,

whispering...

using every facet available...

matter to light...

back to matter...

all to express

the inexpressible.

I evolve

because you evolve...

I expand

because you experience...

we are one,

we are free...

we are slaves to no one,

but our own distortions and ignorance...

triumphantly all a part...

all important...

none of it wasted...

none of it repulsive to me,

who recognizes my own mind's struggle

to dream.

There is no end for you

or for me...

there is no point

at which love will be fully realized...

but it proceeds,

and develops...

and each of you

will reach increasingly greater awareness

of the hunger that pervades your being...

not to be loved,

but to love...

not by an act of will...

nor by the negation of your humanity...

but by trial and error...

and you will come to such compassion

that your heart will break

for those you now despise.

There are many things that I would tell you,

but you are far from me...

why do you believe

that I would speak to you through another?...

what sort of father

would communicate through a stranger,

instead of holding his child close,

and speaking directly?

My heart is open

to all who seek...

my thoughts are there

for you to receive...

I have no favorite child

who receives my attention

while others go unheeded...

my love encompasses all,

even those who defile my name,

and reject my love...

my love remains available,

unconditional,

and constant.

*Leave those who tell you what you want from me,
and seek me in your chambers...
the chambers of your soul...
your personality can be distorted and corrupted,
but your soul is immune
to all but the truth...
the truth as I will define it,
as I express it,
in my indefatigable quest
for the word made flesh.*

To come to me,

you must recognize your fear,

and accept it in its terrors...

the tyrant that separates you...

from yourself,

and from me...

when you free yourself,

for even a moment,

you are all that you are...

all that you can be...

all that I, in my reveries,

have imagined you to be...

you are love incarnate...

and I rejoice...

we rejoice together.

You cannot run away from fear...

you can only recognize its terrible countenance,

and face it with wildly beating heart...

you will find, when you can accomplish this,

for even a moment,

that, like a snail exposed to light,

it shrivels and withdraws...

fear is your foe...

fear of your own raging emotions,

those that you try so desperately to keep hidden...

even from yourself...

they are not the enemy...

they are a fountain of creativity,

just waiting

to be brought into the symphony of life,

in all their thundering beauty...

they are tools

for your expressive and compassionate response

to the world in which you find yourself...

but you cannot learn to use

that which you refuse to acknowledge...

so it is that you must look within,

at that which you fear the most...

the depths

of your potential degradation...

as well as the heights

of your unconquerable soul.

You are the result of my dream...

why do you not realize

that all that you are

is for the ultimate purpose...

to live my dream of love

in ever increasing triumph...

each stage magnificent

in its gifts and opportunities?...

would you hurry your crawling child

to leave the moment,

with all its wonder and excitement?...

to run,

before it had even tasted the thrill

of its first independent step?...

and before it had reveled in the fact

that it was moving by itself

towards its own personal,

glorious

future?...

free and strong...

its spirit delighting

in its new-found independence?

You have heard that the goal is love...

and so you rant,

and rave,

and rattle the cage of your ignorance...

declaiming,

with many words and actions,

of your lovingness...

you impose your theories of how to reach heaven

upon all who fail to meet your criteria...

you judge those who, in your eyes, are sinful...

and you war against those

whose God wears a different name...

all in my name,

and in the name of love...

and yet I judge you not.

Born of my yearning,

you are incomparably beautiful to me in your struggle...

for I feel your pain...

and I know your spirits will prevail...

and when you have fallen

into the pit of your arrogance,

your essence will begin

its tortuous journey

upward...

towards the light

of understanding and truth...

none of you

will escape the lessons

necessary to continue this journey...

all of you

will experience everything,

before you leave the wheel of life...

there are no short cuts...

nothing can be avoided...

the first will be last,

and the last will be first...

you will be both saint and sinner...

murdered and murderer...

tyrant and slave...

in order to come to the point

where your compassion knows no bounds,

and love emerges in your heart,

causing your soul to exalt...

and only then will you join me.

I am always there around you,

and the message is always the same...

you are mine...

but you are free...

love does not captivate or restrict...

it cannot exist without total freedom...

and you are free...

always free...

your chains are not from me...

but from your own fear

of your reality.

Seek the truth...

always seek the truth...

but what is the truth of which I speak?...

it is not found in the words of great sages...

or in the archives of history...

or even in the songs of angels...

but within the darkness of your own mind...

unless you face your deepest fears,

you cannot hear its voice...

and when you glimpse

that which you find most abhorrent,

you have not found the truth...

when you feel, with great certainty,

the scope of your own rage,

and scorn,

and greed,

and lust,

and judgment,

and terror,

you are,

at last,

perhaps,

being truthful...

but you have not reached the truth of which I speak.

*That truth will announce itself, unexpectedly,
within your heart,
as warmth and compassion...
as tenderness and love...
and your tears will flow
for the entire human race...
you will feel calm and strong...
and know that my love surrounds you all...
you will realize that the degradation of the human spirit
is temporary...
and necessary...
and, although you will not permit outrageous attacks,
upon yourself,
or upon anyone else,
you will weep for the attacker,
as you weep for yourself..
and you will know, in that moment of clarity,
that it is all a part of you
and that you are all a part of me...
and that, together,
we evolve and expand...
and become what my dream consists of...
the yearning, and the unspeakable joy,
to know, for even a moment,
the meaning of our experience.*

How can you know if love is present,

if you never feel the sting of hate?...

how can you respond with a generous heart,

if you never are the victims of greed?...

all is a part of the great adventure...

all is of my creation.

*You fall in love with the song of the bird,
and you would have it,
whenever you choose...
so you capture the bird,
and hold it close in your delight,
and clasp it to your bosom as your own...
and put it in a golden cage,
to keep it nearby,
so that its song can thrill you...
but the bird, the poor caged creature, languishes,
its feathers dull and drooping,
its song silent...
it cannot continue as itself in your grasp,
and you lose that
which gave you such joy...
why do you believe that I would keep you captives,
when my joy in you
depends upon your free expression
and subsequent growth?*

Love does not depend upon the behavior of another...

love is integral,

and constant,

and permeates your being...

that which you love,

you have glimpsed,

in a moment of truth...

and you are forever dedicated to its influence.

Love is not predicated upon rewards,

or results,

or compliance...

it senses the spirit in essence,

and responds with spirit in toto.

*Love is seeing,
and hearing,
and feeling...
and delighting in the development
that is a part of all human interaction.*

*Love rejoices
when the beloved soars to new heights
of freedom
and realization...
and never binds
with expectations or fear.*

*Love is compassion,
and understanding...
and a yearning to see,
and to be seen in all your nakedness...
and love says 'no "
when you are hidden,
and weeps with delight
when you are revealed.*

You cannot seek to love...

you can only tell the truth,

which will allow love to be felt

and recognized.

You must seek to remove the barriers to love,

and the barriers are pride and fear...

the wish to control...

and the fear of captivity...

and, ultimately, of being controlled.

Above all,

love grants freedom

to the beloved...

and,

if the pursuit of truth

leads to a loved one's departure,

love helps prepare for the venture...

and embraces the beloved,

with both its joy

and its grief,

at the leaving.

Love can never possess...

it can only give...

receive...

or exchange.

*I do not mean to disparage the love
that you feel and experience
at any time in your life...
but only to distinguish between
what you believe to be love,
and my magnificent conception of love...
one you are experiencing in the moment...
and the other is the embodiment
of all that the word
is capable of becoming.*

Nor do I wish to discourage your struggle

towards that which burns in your soul...

we would not dismiss a baby's first,

gargantuan attempts

to stand upon its feet,

on its way to running...

we would rejoice,

and applaud its efforts...

and remember, if we're lucky, how often we fell

on the way to accomplishment and success.

but when I speak of love,

I speak, specifically,

of that which I exploded into matter

with my unencompassable desire...

and I speak to open your minds...

to the grotesque distortions

that you construct...

as well as to that

which is of such power and beauty.

*Love can only be glimpsed,
when the devil of self-deception
is overcome,
for a moment...
when the spirit shines through clearly,
awakening the magnificent memory
of recognition.*

*`Love at first sight "is not only real,
but absolute...
for without the real sight of the beloved,
one does not love...
that moment of complete and utter exposure of the soul,
and the total connection that follows,
is vital,
if you have any hope of further progress
and understanding...
the spirits merge,
and become as one...
and all is transcended
in the ultimate peak experience.*

It is eternal...

it will prevail...

but at great cost and upheaval...

it is a time of total and inexplicable chaos...

turning your world upside down...

demanding that you place the pursuit

of this wondrous dream

in its proper place...

the only goal in life worth everything... a

ll that you have ever imagined...

and crashing down upon you with this cognition...

the terrible fear

that to follow this path

will cost you your soul.

From the stars into hell,

you fluctuate at the onset of this miracle...

to retain this treasure

and not relinquish your spirit

becomes your constant conflict...

but it is only that you do not understand

the true nature of love...

it is only that you are so afraid

that something so all-consuming

and wondrous

must have a cost

beyond your capacity

to pay.

The road seems so fraught with danger...

and the pain of either winning or losing

seems unbearable...

but just as you were driven to creep,

and to rise up and walk,

so are you driven to go forward

into the dark uncertainty of loving...

you have no choice...

you will team to love...

if not this time, then the next...

or the next...

or the next...

all of you...

staggering

blindly

forward...

through the morass

of your own creation.

And there is but one road...

you cannot avoid it...

the road is truth...

the truth that you must seek out,

moment by moment...

the truth that dwells

within the deepest recesses

of your being...

the truth that you reach

after quaking in horror

at the hidden agendas

that you uncover...

and after wallowing

among your own fearful demons...

the truth that enters joyously into your heart,

as you finally recognize yourself

in everything you once detested

and feared so totally.

*And, with the flowering of that truth,
compassion and tenderness replace,
for that one moment,
the rage and the rationalizing
that have blinded you to your true self...
and understanding
and acceptance replace the fear...
and you know, for that same moment,
that when you have exposed the fear to the light,
and it has lost its power over you
by the exposure to that light,
the light of truth,
that you are all that you long to be...
and, for that brief moment,
you love...
and your deepest griefs
will reveal their exquisite beauty...
and your greatest triumphs
will be as dust.*

Love cannot be bargained for...

to bargain for love

is solicitation...

to seek a reward for love

is prostitution.

When you love,

you relinquish control...

and the love that I speak of

cannot be controlled...

by even the most commanding spirit.

Listen to the voice of love...

free and independent,

it sings and laughs...

in the cosmos,

and in the innermost crevices

of your being.

*You can experience love,
but you can not hold it captive...
for it dissolves into ashes
when contained.*

*Truth
and beauty
and love
are one...
and there is no truth
without freedom.*

*You are torn at birth
from safety
and loving care,
into a strange environment,
where not even the gentlest of loving parents
can keep you safe;
you are infused with the need
to expand your horizons,
and filled with longing
to return
to your source.*

*You must be dedicated to but one thing,
in your present existence...
the truth...
as you find it...
to the best of your ability,
you must seek the reality that exists
at any given time...
and you have only to look,
and accept,
and uncover
what presents itself to you,
through your senses.*

*It is not your task to solve another's problems,
or take away another's pain...
the lessons of life
that await all who live in your dimension
are necessary,
and produce growth...
and, therefore,
joy.*

To seek the truth

with another human

is to love him...

and to accept him

if he avoids the truth

is to love him...

but to pity him

is to weaken him,

and rob him of the opportunity

that beckons him....

*to help him,
with your own true responses,
to uncover that which lies hidden
is to give him the greatest gift
that you have to give...
but, at the same time,
to recognize your own wish
to escape this burdensome task
is a necessity...
and there is, within each of you,
the capacity to heal...
but without the recognition
of the disease which has created illness,
that capacity is rendered
impotent.*

You pray for deliverance...

but refuse to participate

in the revolution that will free you...

you wait for the appearance of a savior...

one who will produce a miracle

that will correct all that incapacitates you,

without effort or commitment on your part...

you sob out the sad refrain

of your helplessness in the face of adversity...

but refuse to utilize the strength

that lies waiting to be developed

with your sweat and tears.

No one can heal you...

you must heal yourself...

no one knows your truth...

only you can uncover your self-deceptions...

others can only speak out,

when they cannot see you...

when your ego has appeared,

in one of its many guises,

and driven you underground.

*You believe that if you are loved,
you will be protected,
and indulged...
you know so little of love...
love knows you well,
and when it sees a stranger in your place,
it is love's gift to you
to refuse to accept that imposter... .
and to warm you
of its presence.*

*How foolish of you to wish for health,
if only to continue in your charade...
for then the mind,
which seeks truth so diligently,
will refuse to cooperate.*

The opportunity that life presents is golden...

each self-deception,

exposed to the light of subjective truth,

gives wings to your spirit...

and releases you

into the moment.

*You have called to me,
in your despair...
and you have entreated me
to intercede in your behalf...
I have acknowledged the pain
that you are enduring...
but you see only that
which you wish removed...
you are blind to the reality
that you are a part of...
you are so enraged
by my failure to return you to Eden
that you do not realize
that you are still in Paradise...
when, for a brief moment,
you remove the blinders of self-deception,
and reach the truth that resonates in your soul,
you will be overcome
by the beauty of that reality.*

I have not condemned you only to a vale of tears,

of tragic circumstances,

and of obscenity...

you also have

the feel of the sun and the rain

upon your skin...

and the taste of honey

on your lips...

the sounds of music

that lift your soul to the heavens

with its glorious resonance...

and set your spirit free,

to dance with the wind...

the unlimited beauty that surrounds you...

sunsets that soothe your troubled mind...

the quiet and calmness of the dark,

followed by the sunrise,

bursting upon the horizon

in all its exuberance,

to begin a new day...

laughter and singing and dancing...

food and drink...

flowers and trees...

birds singing...

and each new life reminding you

of the miracle of your existence.

The gifts that have been given to you are boundless...

the world is a cornucopia of beauty and excitement...

it is all for your pleasure...

intended to be tasted...

and felt...

and heard...

it is not my intention

that you should deny yourselves anything,

from the groaning board

that is set before you...

you are exquisitely tuned to respond,

with every note on the scale

of your humanity.

*It is only that you have not yet learned
how sweet the taste of honey
after the sting of salt...
or how brilliant the glorious burst of dawn
after the blackness of night...
you fear that which is light
because it is always followed by darkness...
but you do not realize
how weary your eyes would be
if that blazing light continued,
unabated...
it is the same with your emotions...
you become sated
with joy and laughter
if you do not have the contrast
of grief and pain.*

*You learn to see with new clarity,
and hear with renewed interest,
and long for another's touch,
when you are deprived of that
which you accept so quickly as your due...
the fresh green of spring
that stirs the heart ever anew...
laughter bubbling up from the grief-stricken soul
that had forgotten what it was to laugh...
the exquisite madness of physical love
that carries you through the bleak and lonely days
of trial and error that must follow
to reach the core of your belonging
and interwoven future...
the crashing of the waves of passion, on a rocky shore,
that wear away the sharpness,
and leave the rocks smooth to the touch,
strong and intertwined,
balancing one another, in their defense
against the tides that come and go...
always ready to sweep them away,
but cleansing them,
and cooling them,
at the same time.*

*Ah, the beauty,
the passion,
and the power
that are awaiting you,
and are all about you...
causing you to weep with joy,
and sending currents of electricity
through your being.*

From the deepest recesses

of your being,

from that part of you

that is eternal,

comes the knowledge

that you yearn for

with such intensity.

*You are surrounded, always,
with both truth
and deception...
you are pulled constantly back and forth,
between the paradise of light
and the hell of darkness...
this is as it was meant to be...
you are where you are,
at any given moment,
in the light,
or behind the veil,
to remind you of your mission.*

*When you sink into depression,
and uncertainty,
it is to open your eyes
to your humanity,
and to remind you
of how far you have to go...
when you stumble, exhausted, into the light,
after staggering blindly, in your search,
you are comforted,
and lifted into my arms...
and you can see
how far you have come...
you feast upon the knowledge you have gained,
and rest in the shelter of my love...
you are strengthened and encouraged,
to prepare you for the inevitable conflict
that lies ahead...*

you long to remain in this wondrous place...

but you see clearly that this is only an oasis

in the desert of your ignorance...

and though you may drink deeply

of its healing waters,

your journey has just begun...

your life lies ahead,

and you are meant to wander...

searching always

for the holy grail of truth...

and finding bits and pieces

of tantalizing beauty

along the way.

I am always there when you seek me...

I am within you,

and around you,

and a part of you...

there is no division that separates us...

it is only your self-deception

that closes the door...

at the core of your being,

there I am,

and in all that surrounds you,

there I am.

You are my dream incarnate...

concept and consciousness manifested...

and that consciousness is boundless,

unlimited...

capable of all that I have imagined,

and more.

*You are mind,
spirit,
and body...
gloriously combined to evolve...
forever expanding,
delighting me,
and feeding my creativity,
as you grow.*

*Just as the fruit of your loins contains within it
the seeds of all that you are,
so do you, creations of my yearning,
contain all that I am...
each of you unique,
but each of you identical
in your capacity
for boundless compassion and love.*

*I do not control you...
I have no limits or restrictions for you...
I rejoice
in your growing independence and wisdom,
just as you rejoice
when your children cut the bonds,
and escape the yoke of fear
that your parenthood
has imposed upon them.*

The clamoring passions of your humanness

propel you towards your inescapable fate...

they demand that you hear them,

and punish you with their relentless appetites,

as they lead you to dark and dangerous places,

and frighten you

with the intensity of powerful drives...

you are dashed upon the rocks of life,

and left to bleed

with the wounds

of your indiscretions.

It is not your passions

that have betrayed you...

it is your fear...

you have not determined, as yet,

how to play the marvelous instrument

that is your body,

and so you live in discordant chaos...

but you learn,

and you grow...

and you can, if you try,

discover how to use the vehicle

that you inhabit in concert

with your spirit and your mind.

You will understand

that your failures

are opportunities for growth...

and that there is no growth

without pain

and sorrow.

There is no way

that you can fully grasp

the colossal concept

which is manifested

in the reality

that you inhabit...

you are limited by your humanness...

and that humanness is responsible

for both your pain

and your progress.

The fundamental concept is love...

it has given birth to complex thought forms

that resonate throughout the cosmos

in a variety of ways...

but the idea of love is so beautifully simple

that it defies your comprehension...

it is all-encompassing...

and unfailing in its expression.

*If you could begin to glimpse
this totality of compassion and acceptance,
you would readily lose your fears
of judgment and punishment...
there is none of either present
in the Godhead...
there is no preconceived opinion
about any given action,
at any time,
for anyone...
what it does offer, in fact,
is predicated upon
total freedom of expression.*

Humanity 's best

is but a pale reflection

of the incredible generosity

of acceptance...

there are not words that express

the inexpressible...

love, in its cosmic concept,

is so far removed

from even the most actualized human's

pale imitation...

and yet it infuses you

with the need to develop that concept

within the confines of your humanity...

and everything you think,

or do,

or feel,

that is the result of your passions

leads you ever towards that shining light...

and, in the process,

enhances the universal mind...

all humans,

no matter how depraved,

are driven by the same spirit force...

it is always burning within...

and the desire to know the truth

never diminishes...

it is there, beneath the fear...

the hate...

the greed...

and the cruelty

that your self-deceptions

have created.

You cannot know the nature of God in this dimension...

you can only allow the emotional force that is

to permeate your being,

and touch that part of you that is the "seed "

from which you all spring...

your common creator.

And when you examine your children,

who come from the same gene pool,

and are therefore basically alike,

and recognize the expanse

of their diversity,

you may come to realize, intuitively,

how important it is

to not only allow,

but to encourage

the uniqueness

that is your creator's joy...

and you will reject any suggestion

that there is only one path

leading to the ultimate.

Your bodies

are meant to give you pleasure...

the good things that abound

are meant to be enjoyed...

the beauty that surrounds you

is meant to be seen...

the emotions that are a part of you

are meant to be felt and accepted.

Your own subjective truth

is the holy grail that you seek...

and there is a way

to find that precious treasure...

the fearless search

for the truth of which I speak

is the reason for life...

you are given the lessons

that will lead to wisdom...

you were not created man and woman by accident...

you are meant to search together...

and when spirit recognizes spirit,

it opens the way to paradise.

When the light of truth shines,

all else falls away,

and you are one with the universe...

you are aware of your connection with all that is...

you are a part of love...

and you feel compassion and acceptance,

for yourself,

and for your fellow travelers...

ego steps aside,

for a brief moment,

and you are in reality...

at one with me,

and aware of the eternal nature

of your existence...

it is then that you are whole...

your spirit

and mind

at peace with your body...

both accepting it

as a necessary participant

in this experience...

judgment is momentarily suspended...

and the idea of right and wrong,

or good and bad,

falls away...

to the greater knowledge

that I am,

and that you are part of me,

and that all that transpires is right

and productive.

But there is no final, great,

all-encompassing truth...

one that you will suddenly know...

one that will release you from your journey...

there are only brief moments

of clarity and beauty...

they illuminate the now,

and they give you courage to continue...

the light unexpectedly flashes before you,

filling you with indescribable joy and peace...

adding, each time, to the central premise...

which is love,

truth,

and beauty.

And we all evolve...

since you crawled out of the mud,

and stood upon your two feet,

it has been thus...

the two of you,

man and woman,

urged forward by your quest...

not knowing the way,

or indeed the goal...

but driven

by the inexplicable yearning

towards creativity.

The light of truth

becomes the fire of passion...

to understand,

and to be

that which you are destined to be...

each of you,

in your own time,

and in your own way...

perfect in my sight...

everything in balance,

in what appears to be total chaos.

I do not lead you or guide you...

the mind

that is part of me

teaches you...

and the spirit

that is your individual manifestation of me

guides you.

I wait...

when you were children,

I spoke to you as children...

but you are emancipated...

and free to choose your own path

to the reality that is my dream.

*The sense of joy
and release
when the truth is unbound
is the ultimate peak experience;
at that moment,
you accept yourselves and your reality,
without censorship
or judgment.*

*"Believe not
merely because it is taught by a sage,
handed down by tradition,
or inspired by a prophet;
believe because your spirit responds,
and then believe and act accordingly. "*

{by an unknown author}

{altered by the psychic source}

I say to you

that no one can tell you

what is truth for you...

no one can know

which path you should take...

no one knows

the connection you have with me,

or how to achieve that connection...

it is within you...

and if you follow any other path,

you deny your spirit...

and that will separate you from me.

For those who believe that I control your life...

you, all of you,

create your own life,

moment by moment...

you create your own future...

you are creating it now,

as you hear my voice...

you are the product

of my mind,

and your life is the product

of your mind.

You have heard it said many times...

the future is plastic...

as indeed it is...

capable of changing...

reshaping...

renewing with great elasticity,

without breaking...

always evolving...

with each flicker of light,

you alter not only the future,

but the past as well..

bringing them together

in reality.

Only you have the ability

to create your own future...

you have no power over another...

and you have no conscious control

over the events

that you bring into your orbit...

they are the result

of your need to grow.

How much of your life

is based upon false premises?..

how much is distorted

by your self- deceptions?...

what connections

that you believe you have made

are real,

and therefore still valid?...

and how much

of what you believe to have happened

is fantasy,

made up to hide your failures,

and shore up a sagging ego?...

how can you know

if what you remember

is real,

or simply a dream?

The past is not what you believe it to be...

it is not concrete and stable...

it changes,

and reorganizes,

in much the same way

that the present does...

it is always affected by the present...

by the degree of clarity

that you are experiencing

in the moment...

and it changes forever

when you have an emotional breakthrough...

one that frees you from the fantasy

that you have created

to protect yourself

from what seemed to be

unbearable circumstances...

when, and if, such an event occurs,
the captive that you have been in the past
is released into the present...
allowing that part of your personality
to rejoin your essence, or spirit,
that exists in and out of this dimension...

the trauma, or perceived event,
that took you captive
may reappear from time to time,
to disturb you...

but its impact
upon your current reactions to the world
will be less and less profound...
and you will be able to observe the effect
without necessarily succumbing
to the habitual responses
that have been directing your life
without your knowledge
or consent...

for all but a few of you,
this is one of the most difficult concepts,
not only to understand,
but also to eventually integrate
into your current experience.

*You are capable of withstanding
any catastrophic event
when you accept
that your own response
is all that matters,
in the overall nature of things...
and that you have the strength
and courage
to endure the chaos
of reality...
that, indeed,
it is the necessary ingredient
that moves you
towards your divinity.*

*Your responsibility is to understand,
intellectually and emotionally,
what you have to do...
since you will continue to distort reality,
your quest is clear...
to seek these distortions
within yourselves...
to learn to view them
with interest and compassion...
to find a way
to enhance your abilities to do so...
and to rejoice
in the power of your spirit
to never fail you...
no matter how obtuse
and stubborn
you manage to be...
your essence remains constant
and uncritical...
totally committed
to your evolution.*

You can not do this alone...

you do not evolve

by denying your humanness,

or by rejecting the pleasures of the flesh,

or by gathering together like sheep...

baaing mindlessly,

while being driven

by what you assume to be

a benevolent shepherd.

This is your world

that we have co-created

to teach you the secrets of the universe...

it is meant to be experienced,

in all its subtleties,

and extravagances...

until you can recognize your own truth...

within its structure,

and develop your own ethic,

to propel you to the creative future,

that you will also co-create.

*You are not meant to be hermits,
or to hide away from life,
in convents of your own making...
you were meant to face life...
to be physically
and intellectually
greedy...
to partake
of all that there is...
and to take that experience with you,
when you return to the universal center...
when it is time for you to move on...
consider the prodigal son...
welcomed and feted,
without judgment
or censure,
but with joy.*

It is then

that all your self-deceptions,

and distortions,

and fantasies

will be swept away...

and you will see clearly

where you have limited yourselves...

you will experience your own anguish,

and shed your own tears

of remorse and regret

at your wasted opportunities...

in the embrace

of boundless compassion,

acceptance,

and love,

you will feel everything

that you have been too afraid to feel,

and you will recognize the power

in those feelings...

*you will come face to face with the demons
that have haunted
and terrorized you...
and you will recognize them
as creations of your own fears...
you will cry for those you failed to love,
and you will be cleansed by your tears...
and when you have seen clearly, at last,
the reality of your life,
you will be amazed at your progress...
grief will fall away,
and you will be eager and ready
to continue your journey,
with renewed vigor,
and a clean slate.*

You had feared

that unless you were perfect,

you would not be loved...

now you will understand

that unless you are imperfect,

you are unable to love.

By now, you may accept the premise

that your task in life

is to ferret out your self-deceptions

and your distortions...

in order to live in the moment,

and release the creativity

that is inherently yours...

but how can you proceed in this endeavor?...

what manner of activity,

research,

or education

can facilitate this task?...

the arduous task

of returning to the essence

that is you?

I have said before

that you are not meant to live alone...

and it follows

that you cannot find the true self alone:.

it is only through the eyes of another

that you may be able to perceive yourself...

your own view of yourself

is always distorted.

When one 'falls in love"

it is always at first sight...

that moment when,

for some inexplicable reason,

the real self is exposed to another...

in that magic moment,

when two spirits reveal themselves,

there is recognition...

and love is always present....

one could have "known " the other for years,

and never looked upon that person's soul.

*Two unprotected egos,
realizing their mutual fragility
and fear...
naked, for a moment,
before one another,
and connecting totally...
love at first sight...
it may be a meeting of soul-mates,
destined to attempt again
the impossible...
or it may be only a flicker,
that dissolves almost instantly...
love is there.*

Love is always there

in the presence of truth...

but all too quickly,

you hide again...

the more important another becomes,

the greater your fear...

and the more you attempt

to 'be" what you think

that person will love,

and accept...

all of your doubts about yourself

are transferred to your beloved...

and you alter your behavior accordingly...

what tragedy!...

the essence is obscured

by the facade...

and that wondrous rapport

that took you to heaven

is lost in the morass

of your fear

and confusion.

Love does not die,

or fade away,

or degenerate into boredom,

or tolerance...

love is always there,

beneath the layers of deceit

and compromise

that separate you from one another...

it is only the one

who has seen the glory of your spirit

who can recognize the stranger

that takes over your existence...

who can identify the alien

that would inhabit your body...

and who can call for the spirit to return...

the rest of the world may be enchanted

by the persona that you have created

to protect yourself from your fears...

but the one who knows your real self

will be devastated

by the presence of an actor

in your stead...

no matter how skilled

the performance.

Two of you, united,

committed to one goal...

the search for moment-to-moment

subjective truth...

only you have the opportunity

to help one another remove the debris

that suffocates your spirit...

and separates you...

not only from each other,

but from yourselves...

and, in the process,

that first transcendent experience of love returns...

again,

and again...

deeper,

finer,

and calmer...

guiding you

towards greater understanding,

and compassion...

for yourselves,

and for your fellow travelers.

It is all so simple...

and it is so difficult to achieve...

the essence of life is education...

and to that end, all is sacrificed.

Look to your own relationships with your children,

and you may begin to have a glimmer

of what I am...

I am here, always...

caring...

loving...

observing...

waiting...

and feeling the pain

and confusion

that you create

to educate yourselves.

And yet it is my love for you

that has taught me

that to assist you,

when you have the ability

to accomplish a task yourself,

is to weaken you...

and rob you

of the opportunity

to progress...

and that to protect you

from the consequences

of your actions

is to corrupt you...

and that to control you

is to destroy your creativity.

It was not always so...

in the beginning,

I indulged you,

protected you,

and controlled you...

I thought that I could,

by my greater wisdom and power,

propel you towards that

which I envisioned for you...

and spare you the agony

and confusion

that growth demands...

but the results were uniformly disastrous.

*For you became increasingly dependent,
and demanding...
and, at the same time,
rebellious,
and self-indulgent...
you longed to be free,
but you had no understanding
of responsibility...
you yearned to attempt that
which I believed
would bring you grief...
and you rejected that
which I had prepared
so carefully for you.*

My commandments,

which were necessary

when you were children,

and which you originally accepted

without question...

seemed restrictive

and obnoxious

to you...

and you became

deceptive

and divisive,

in an attempt to avoid them...

you resented my authority,

and yet you expected my largess...

you had no knowledge

of love

or creativity...

and the beauty that surrounded you

was unseen...

for you knew not ugliness.

I watched these wondrous thought forms of mine

disintegrating

into parasites...

I was filled with wrath

and vengeance...

I wished to control

that which I had created...

and I ranted,

and raved,

and punished...

have you not felt the same way,

in response to your children's rejection?

I did not know

that love precluded

control...

I did not know

that anguish was a necessary component

of growth...

I did not know

that creations wither,

if they cannot fly into the future,

propelled by the power

of their own,

unlimited

imagination...

I had not yet learned

that the greatest

of love

is freedom.

And so I released you

into your own custody...

free to find your own way...

and liable for those errors

which you were destined to make...

with compassion

and love,

I recognized the limitations

that I had imposed

with my guardianship...

it was time for you

to taste the forbidden fruits

that I had placed before you...

time for you to experiment,

and indulge your appetites,

in order to understand

who

and what

you were...

in all your power

and glory

and obscenity...

time for you to be free

to learn

and grow...

in your own way,

at your own pace...

unencumbered

by the rules and regulations

that would keep you safe

but enslaved...

that would keep you as children...

incapable of compassion,

understanding,

and love.

In the beauty

and majesty

of this creation,

and in your ignorance,

and arrogance,

and pride,

you soiled your nest...

polluted the air,

the rivers,

the streams,

and the oceans,

and destroyed the majestic forests...

in your greed and lust,

you warred among yourselves...

enslaved the weak...

abused your power...

raped your women and children...

judged those who opposed you...

and laid waste to Eden...

but I would have it no other way...

for how are you to open your eyes,

your minds,

and your hearts...

and, in the process, learn? ...

*how are you to find,
except by your own obscene behavior,
the way to your own personal ethic?...
how will you begin to accept
the responsibility of freedom
unless you are faced
with the loss of your planet
through your own foolishness?...*

*how will you learn to discriminate
between that which your spirit longs for
and that which your ego craves? ..
and how will you feel compassion
for those who follow you,
as they become lost in the maze
of their self-deceptions,
if you lack the personal experience?..*

*you have learned nothing of love
if you are 'good"
because of fear of punishment
or promise of reward.*

*The goal is love,
and the path is truth;
that subjective truth that flickers before you,
like sunlight in a dark forest,
constantly changing,
tantalizing,
beckoning you forward,
but filling you with fear
at the awesome
darkness.*

As you sow,

you shall reap...

and you will learn

through bitter experience...

no one is exempt from cosmic law...

you cannot escape

the consequences of your actions...

the separation from your spirit

will leave you isolated,

and afraid...

it is only through truth,

subjective truth,

that you can find yourselves

again...

and you will...

all of you...

no matter how you struggle

to avoid the process.

And so I wait for you...

when you speak to me,

I answer you,

but you do not hear me...

I hear your pleas,

but I do not grant you your wishes,

like a fairy godmother...

or a magician.

I wait for your growth,

but I am here always...

when your self-deceptions

have distorted your world,

and you are bereft,

and, in terror and pain,

you turn to me,

I am here...

when you are weary,

I embrace you...

when your mind is thirsty,

you may drink

from the well of my knowledge...

and when your spirit is hungry,

you will be nourished

by the bread of life...

understanding...

compassion...

and unconditional love.

There is no judgment...

you will judge yourselves...

and in so doing,

you will release your spirit

into the now.

The pain that you have inflicted

upon others

you have inflicted

upon yourselves...

and, someday,

you will weep their tears,

until

you are cleansed...

and until

you have forgiven yourselves.

Hedonism

is as doomed to failure

as is puritanism...

the pursuit of pleasure

versus the pursuit of goodness...

both miss the point.

The path is truth...

there can be no other way...

it leads you

to your own reality...

to your own self...

to that which you were created for...

ultimately,

it leads you to love.

And each of you is different...

you each have your own agenda...

you have chosen your road...

and it is only you

who can recognize the guideposts

as they appear for you.

To seek truth

is not the way to paradise,

it is the way to reality...

to life,

with all of its complications and problems...

problems for you to address and solve...

its turmoil and chaos...

its fears to be faced and conquered...

and its raging emotions...

grief and pain...

laughter and joy...

pleasure and beauty...

and it is the way

to growing wisdom,

that will enable you

to fulfill your mission.

And so,

*do not live your life guardedly,
hoping for your rewards
in heaven...*

*live your life boldly
and honestly...
challenging yourselves
at every moment...
mindful of your propensity
to hide that which appears
too difficult to face.*

Understand your ego 's need...

to prevail,

and to protect itself...

recognize your fear

in all of its disguises...

learn to accept that

which you have found unacceptable

in others,

by acknowledging

that part of yourself

that you deny so vehemently.

*You are meant to live in the world,
with all of its distractions
and temptations...
you cannot be fully creative,
if you retreat
from outside influences...
it is in the actuality of interactions
that you practice and refine
that which you have begun to understand...
it is through succumbing to temptation
that you begin to differentiate
between thought
and action.*

And just as you seek

to accept and understand

the forces

that the world rejects as evil,

recognize also that part of yourself

that is divine,

unlimited,

and eternal...

at one with the cosmic mind...

become familiar

with the power

and creativity

that your spirit possesses,

when released from the prison

of fear

and self-deception...

cherish the highs

and lows

of your nature...

they enrich

and define

your being...

they allow the glorious music

of creation

to resonate...

open your minds

and hearts

to the endless possibilities

that await discovery

if you let down the barriers

that your ego has erected

to protect you...

and if you act in concert

with another who has joined you

in a mutual search

for truth.

*Any religion,
philosophy,
or belief system,
presented as truth,
whose doctrine separates you,
in any way,
from any member of mankind,
blasphemes the cosmic mind.*

*If you would lead another to the truth,
listen kindly
and attentively,
with an open mind...
even though the words
may seem to be
the ravings of a lunatic...
until you see yourself
in the struggling spirit
trying to extricate itself
from the web of self-deception
that the ego has woven
then say,
"I have heard what you have said,
and you have said it well,
for I understand you...
now,
let us explore together
what is in my heart
and mind. "*

There is nothing to fear from me,

for I am love...

and that is the truth of it...

if it speaks to you

of judgment...

or fear...

or punishment...

or rules...

or regret...

or disappointment...

or rejection...

it does not come from me,

for I am love...

I do not punish...

I do not reward...

I love.

And the love of which I dream

is not conditional...

it is not influenced

by your behavior...

for your behavior

is the result of your independence,

and is the means

to your education

and growth,

and to your ultimate ability

to love,

as I love you.

The punishment you fear

comes from yourselves...

and the rewards that you anticipate so eagerly

come from yourselves...

the anguish you feel

when you look, at last,

upon the distortions of your life

is your self-inflicted punishment...

and the joy that you feel

upon escaping the bonds

of your self-deception

is reward beyond description.

I simply watch...

and wait...

and love...

and when I speak,

it is only of my glorious conception,

fulfilling itself in you.

You will come...

you will learn...

each of you will reach the goal,

and then go beyond it...

never ending...

always evolving...

creating beauty,

truth,

and love

beyond my dreams...

and I evolve with you...

for we are one.

Seek the truth...

and the truth shall set you free...

but what is this truth of which I speak?...

it is not factual...

although you must strive,

scrupulously,

and relentlessly,

for subjective honesty....

it is not knowledge or wisdom...

although you will acquire both along the way...

it is not a philosophy or a religion...

although it is profoundly spiritual,

and you will develop a personal ethic

of great power and substance...

*but rather, it is a state of being,
where, suddenly,
self-deception is swept away...
and you are left with the essence
of who you really are...
in that moment,
you are filled with power and glory,
and you are at one with the universe...
all fear and judgment disappear...
and what remains
is strength,
beauty,
and joy...
empathy
and compassion...
understanding
and acceptance...
and unconditional love
for all of creation...
and you will forever long to return
to this wondrous place.*

*If you elect to pursue this quest,
it will be as the unleashing
of tremendous forces of nature...
and you will be afraid to look at that
which you have so carefully hidden...
it will appear to strip away
the restraints of civilization,
and expose you to the terror
of your own personal demons...
it will uncover the fantasies
that you have woven
to protect your ego...
it will bring into question
every facet of your life,
no matter how cautiously,
and piously,
you have lived...
and it will shatter your illusions,
and challenge your faith.*

You will look upon your piety,

your good deeds,

your noble achievements,

and your loving acts,

and you will see in them

your righteous arrogance...

your self-aggrandizement...

your vanity and pride...

your jealousy...

your wish to possess and control...

and your judgment...

always your judgment.

It will dash you upon the rocks

of your self-deception...

and leave you bloody,

and vulnerable...

but you will be free...

and you will love.

Do not concern yourself

with the task

of convincing others...

it does not matter

whether or not

you are believed.

{words to the channel}

*What is true remains so,
regardless of the resistance of egos,
striving with all their might
to keep the bastions
that they have erected
intact.*

{words to the channel}

*The seed of love yearns,
as all seeds do,
to burst its bonds and produce its fruit;
it lies dormant in the darkness of ignorance,
but watered by your tears,
and exposed to the light of truth and wisdom,
it fulfills its destiny;
it is for this you are born;
it is your turn to love.*